

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

# The Christian Freeman.

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## Notes of the Month.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MR. SPURGEON is credited with this bit of good advice :—"Moreover, brethren, avoid the use of the nose as an organ of speech, for the best authorities are agreed that it is intended to smell with."

TELL your boys that the physicians are well agreed that the use of tobacco by boys is full of danger. Recent investigations—especially in France—have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S remarks on Positivism are the most vigorous and readable attack upon the system that we have come across. In a number of the *Nineteenth Century* we are presented with another definition of Comtism. It is stated to be "a half-breed between science and theology, endowed, like most half-breeds, with the faults of both parents and the virtues of neither." This is a hard hit, too hard, we are afraid, to be patiently borne.

THE *Times* of India relates a very interesting ceremony, which was held two months ago, to invoke the gods to send down rain. In this service the Maharajah, down to the humblest peasant, joined together. Early in the morning the whole town, led by his Highness and the royal family, wended their way to a village called Bangunga, two miles off from Indore, where they were to pass the whole day, it being strictly enjoined that no one should light his kitchen fire, but enjoy a general picnic in the fields. Men, women, and children all were there to the number, it is said, of 15,000 persons. The gathering was to invoke the gods by prayers and poojahs to send down rain. After the poojahs were over the Maharajah took a plough in his own hands and tilled a portion of the ground, and her Highness the Maharant, who played the part of the peasant's wife, waited on her lord in the fields with his daily meal wrapped up in a cloth.

MISS KATE WELLS says of the late Mary Carpenter :—"Many emulate Miss Carpenter's sympathy, patience, and hope, and laboriousness; but not all her intelligence and comprehension of philanthropy. It was her *knowledge* that gave her power, and her gentle tact that held as friends those who were forced to believe in her principles."

WE know a household, says the *Golden Rule*, in which the Sabbath is hardly over before the little ones begin the inquiry, "Mamma, when will it be Sabbath again?" To these children Sabbath is the "red letter" day of the week, looked forward to and backward to on every other day. And this because on Sabbath day they have their father at home all day. This wise father makes Sabbath the children's day. He dismisses his business cares, gathers his children close about him, listens to their histories of the week, reads to them or talks to them, or walks with them. He is making beautiful associations to cluster about this beautiful day. This should be the day of days in every household. Six days must the bread and butter be earned and the raiment taken thought of, and the raiment stitched. Six days must the father and sons and daughters and little children go abroad to their work and their lessons. But then comes the seventh day, the beautiful Sabbath, in which business may be set aside, the lessons dismissed, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters reunited. Let this day be consecrated to all that is highest and best in our natures, to thanksgivings and aspiration, and to the development in the home of those spiritual graces which make our homes heavenly places. Wise parents will make the day so bright and sweet with their joy in their children, their sympathetic conversation, their good books, their songs, and their bits of poetry, that those who came to their hearth-stone wearied or discouraged will be renewed and cheerful for the coming week, and all will bear in their hearts a bright memory to shine on them in cloudy weather.



SEVERAL boys have recently been prosecuted for robberies, &c., and it has been discovered that pernicious literature was among the causes which led to their guilt. Do procure good books for the young.

WHAT shall I do to inherit eternal life? Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind: and thy neighbour as thyself. This do and thou shalt live.

A FRENCH physician recalls attention to the theory that it is a good plan to cry and groan when one is in serious pain. Most people don't stop to inquire whether it is or not, but just do it. Yet there is a kind of stoicism sometimes practised by men and women, and even recommended to hurt children, which looks upon weeping when in pain as a sign of weakness. But in reality it is nature's way of relieving the pressure on the nerves produced by suffering. The French physician referred to tells us of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 in a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. He says that the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically suppressed, the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system.

SEVERE punishments have recently been given to different persons who have injured horses, dogs, cats, and fowls; as much as six months' hard labour in some cases. One of our Unitarian ministers properly says:—"The rights of all creatures are to be respected, but especially of those kinds which man domesticates and subsidises for his peculiar use. Their nearer contact with the human world creates a claim on our loving-kindness beyond what is due to more foreign and untamed tribes. Respect that claim. 'The righteous man,' says the proverb, 'regardeth the life of his beast.' Note that word 'righteous.' The proverb does not say the merciful man, but the righteous, the just. Not mercy only, but justice, is due to the brute. Your horse, your ox, your kine, your dog, are not mere chattels, but sentient souls. They are not your own so proper as to make your will the true and only measure of their lot. Beware of contravening their nature's law, of taxing unduly their nature's strength. Their powers and gifts are a sacred trust. The gift of the horse is his fleetness, but when the gift is strained to excess and put to wager for exorbitant tasks, murderous injustice is done to the beast. They have their rights, which every rightminded owner will respect. We owe them in return for the service they yield, all needful comfort, kind usage, rest in old age, and an easy death."

THE other day at Hammersmith a magistrate refused to punish a girl for stealing a pair of boots from the outside of a shop where they had been exposed. He doubted the right of shopkeepers so exhibiting their goods as to be a temptation.

DR. SEARS has truly said, what we want in Christ we always find in him. When we want nothing we find nothing. When we want little we find little. When we want much we find much. But when we want everything, and get reduced to complete nakedness and beggary, we find in him God's complete treasure-house, out of which come gold and jewels, and garments to clothe us, wavy in the richness and glory of the Lord.

A UNITARIAN writes:—We see and hear many signs that there is growing up in the Unitarian denomination a real "Gideon's band" of people who do not wait to count their own number, but who hold themselves under orders for any possible service of truth and love; men and women of courageous faith in God and man, in nature and life, in yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; men and women who would have thronged to the company of Jesus, and who will stand with him now, here, by giving their lives for the victory of righteousness. Patience, comrades! we shall see those victories complete only in our visions; but He who maketh all things new was never busier than in these latter days.

THIS little piece of sarcasm of Oliver Wendell Holmes on "How not to play the piano," may be useful at this season, and therefore we give it in Mr. Holmes' own amusing style:—"It was a young woman with as many white flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a whirl or two and fluffed down to it like a twirl of soap suds in a hand basin. Then she worked her wrists and hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end down to the little squeaky one. Then these two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than anything I can call music."



**RHEUMATISM.**—It is estimated that there are 2400 disorders to which the human frame is liable. When a man is laid up with the rheumatism, he is apt to think that the entire number has struck him in concert.

A CELEBRATED preacher says:—"No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honourable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life."

SOME people think of science as the foe of religion. How differently did the late Starr King think of science as an impelling force to religious trust.—"If I were in danger of becoming sceptical, I believe that a fresh and vivid appreciation of the scientific revelations concerning our globe would appal me into faith. To think of this ball whirling and spinning about the sun, and to be an atheist! its covering less in comparative thickness than a peach-skin, and its pulp a seething fire, and to feel that we are at the mercy of the forces that lash it like a top around the ecliptic, and of the raving flames that heave and beat for vent; not more than an eighth of its surface inhabitable by man; seas roaring around him, tropic heats smiting his brain, polar frosts threatening his blood, inland airs laden with fever, sea winds charged with consumption; hurricanes hovering in the sky, earthquakes slumbering under our feet; the conditions of life dependent on the most delicate oscillations of savage powers over which the wisest man is powerless as a worm—to think of these and not to have any confidence or belief in a Power superior to these pitiless forces, not to have an inspiring faith that the land was made for human habitations and experience, and is sheltered by a ceaseless love from the hunger of the elements! Why, I could as easily conceive of a person making his home unconcerned in an uncaged menagerie as of a man at rest in nature, seeing what it is, and not feeling that it is embosomed in God! Go to nature, my brother; go to the unroofed universe; go to the awful pages of science, not to learn your religion, but to learn your need of it—to learn that you are houseless without the sense of God as overarching you by his power, pledging his care to you, twisting the furious forces of immensity into a protecting tent for your spirit's home."

### THE CHRISTMAS BEGGAR.

In the depth of winter, white and hoar,  
A beggar comes to the castle door,  
The mistletoe and the holly shine,  
In the hall where flows the purple wine,  
And the air is full of song and cheer,  
On this darkest night of the dying year.

White are his locks, with his staff in his hand,

He has journeyed painfully over the land,  
Pausing but now to ask for bread  
Where the glow of the Christmas lights is shed

Out on the wastes of the drifting storm,  
Telling of fireside comforts warm.

But the heart of the lord of the castle is cold;

Never an alms of his giving was told.

And the well-bred servants turn from the gate

The poor old man to his dismal fate.

"Ask in the hamlet below," they said,  
"One or another, will give you bread."

He turned away, but, feeble and old,

To perish soon, in the storm and cold;

It wrapped him well in its fleecy bed,

And a soothing spell o'er his spirits shed.

But he breathed a curse, so the servants say,

On the lord of the castle that winter day.

One by one in their strength and bloom

His children were borne to his ancient tomb;

His wealth took wings 'till it passed away,

And left but the castle grim and grey;

And aged and lonely for many a year

Of his sorrowful life, he tarried here.

But the strangest tale the servants told

Was of one winter night as wild and cold

As the night when the beggar was turned from the gate

To go through the snows to his pitiless fate,—

On just such a night, by their master's bed,

The solemn words for the dying were read.

And the hall of the castle, all dark and cold,

Shone with a light like that Christmas of old,

It streamed through the mist of the snow far and wide,

On this night when the poor old master died,

And some said that music soft and clear

In each hush of the wind and the storm

you could hear.

MARTHA REMICK.



## THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF TWO POOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE W. BROTHERTON.

Snow everywhere. Snow upon the streets, and upon the house-tops and window-ledges; resting on the blackened branches of the bare city trees; whirling down in spotless flakes from the bleak, grey sky. Now falling solemnly and slow, like a silent benediction—as if heaven would fain see earth “clothed upon” with the white mantle of its own purity—and again driving swiftly down in a hurrying multitude of feathery flakes, which fluttered, and danced, and circled here and there and everywhere, like so many little living spirits of the snowstorm.

Over the snow-covered pavements, Bertha and Wolfgang had wandered hand in hand for hours, along the crowded thoroughfare.

The busy people brushed past them, hurrying hither and thither: for it was Christmas Eve, and there were countless last purchases to be made for the Christmas tree, or for the little stockings which would hang that night upon the chimney-shelf.

It was rapidly growing dark, and no one noticed the little ones, no one stopped to give the charity which they besought shyly, with outstretched hand and pleading voice; and they feared to return to the dingy little room which was all that stood to them for home, without the pennies which the old rag-woman had sent them out to seek.

The old rag-woman was not their mother. Ah, no. The kind mother and three little children died long ago. Bertha was old, almost eight years old; and she could remember how happy they had been in that far-away country over the sea, when the father was living, and they had a Christmas tree—a little tree planted in a box, and on the branches were lighted tapers and beautiful gifts.

Those days were gone for ever, and their parents were in the grave.

They lived with the rag-picker. A hard life it was for the two children. All day they gathered rags, or picked cinders from the ash-heaps, and often, when they brought home less than

usual, the old woman drove them out to beg for pennies, and would not give them the crusts that formed their supper until they brought back the money.

To-night they had not even a penny! The genial Christmas-time had warmed the hearts of the foot-passengers, and Bertha had collected more than usual; but a great rude boy had snatched the money from the little cold hand of Wolfgang, and run away, and now they were going home, trembling and frightened, with empty hands.

Down the fast-darkening streets they passed with rapid steps; past the gay shops filled with wonderful toys, past the glaring windows of noisy drinking-saloons, turning at last into the narrow courts and byways which are the haunts of poverty and of—vice. Think, for an instant, you who read these lines in pleasant home-places, how closely allied are the two conditions. It is so easy to be good when all wishes are gratified; so hard for poor humanity to resist temptation when temptation places the means of gratification within reach. The reflective mind finds quick pardon—not for sin, indeed, but for the sinner—in the very surroundings of the criminal, in whose stunted soul squalor and pinching hunger, and daily enforced converse with coarseness and misery, have blunted that keen moral sense which is nurtured so carefully in happier homes. The thought holds a living hope, too; for if “unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required,” surely those on whom so little is bestowed are shorn somewhat of that responsibility which goes with greater gifts. Of him to whom one talent only was entrusted, but one was demanded. God sees the whole, not one fragment or another. And the All-wise is also the All-merciful. Knowing this, we may also comprehend how “the last shall be first,” in His sight. If ever so poor a germ of virtue struggle into life among vile surroundings, shall it not outvalue the perfect plant whose perfection is but the sure result of careful tendance and favourable conditions? The seed which fell among thorns made a braver struggle for existence than that which fell into the fallow field.



The ripened ears were unfit for man's garnering; but the Eternal Patience will gather in from stony places, from among the tares and the thistles, the good grain even to the last seed, and store it in the granary of God.

It was bitter cold in the garret. Outside, the storm raged fiercely; and not even a star shone in at the uncurtained window to welcome their home-coming on this Christmas Eve.

In hundreds of happy homes the Christmas tapers burned in many a glittering tree, hung with gifts which warm hearts and loving hands had prepared for father and mother, sister and brother, and cousins—out to the last degree of kinship. What of that larger kinship with poverty and suffering which One, who bade his followers "Love thy neighbour as thyself," recognised through all his life?

Kind hearts and charitable hands there must be somewhere in the vast wilderness of streets and houses; but loving care and sympathy seemed far away from the two orphans, who nestled together on the ragged pallet, and drew over them the coarse sacking which was their coverlet. Wolfgang cried, but Bertha hushed him with mother-like tones and caresses, and told him of the good Christmas times they had in Germany, and of the quaint customs which prevailed there.

With the Christmas tree before them in their first home, how they sung—

The holy three kings from the Morning Land,

They questioned in every city—  
"Where lies the way to Bethlehem,  
Dear lads and lassies pretty?"

The young and the old they know it not,  
The three kings farther wander;  
They follow a lovely golden star  
That sparkles brightly yonder.

The star stood still over Joseph's house—  
It was the place they wanted;  
The oxen lowed, the little child cried,  
The holy three kings they chanted!

Above the tree hung a floating image of the Christ-child, with his hands stretched out, as if he blessed the tree and the gifts; and when the song was ended, mamma said: "The wise men of the east brought gifts to the little child Jesus when he lay on his mother's

lap, and on the eve of Christmas we also give good gifts to our children, in remembrance of the Saviour, who was once a child like you. Be good children always, so that the Christ-child may love you, and say to you what he said to those Galilean children, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"Papa reached down the presents from the tree; mine was the jointed wooden doll, with green slippers and a red dress, that I lost on the big ship. And Carl had a new pair of skates, and Marie a picture-book. Lotta's present was a bright new hood, and you had a rattle and new red shoes."

"Have Marie and Carl and Lotta gone to be with the Christ-child?" asked Wolfgang.

"Yes," replied Bertha; "all good children go to him when they die."

"Oh, I want to go, too; I want to go, too!" sobbed the little boy.

"Hush, Wolfgang, hush!" said his sister. "No one can go until he sends for them. Stop crying, Wolferl! Hush, now, and I will sing you another song that mamma taught me;" and then, in the chill darkness, Bertha's pure childish voice sang the words of the perfect Christmas Carol which Hans Christian Andersen has written for all the children in the world:

Child Jesus comes from heavenly height

To save us from Sin's keeping;

On manger straw, in darkest night,

The Blessed One is sleeping.

The Star smiles down, the Angels greet,  
The oxen kiss the Baby's feet!

Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Child Jesus!

Take courage, soul, in grief cast down,

Forget the bitter feeling;

A Child is born in David's town,

To touch all souls with healing!

Then let us go and seek the Child,  
Children like him, meek, undefiled.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Child Jesus!

Long before the song was ended, Wolfgang slept; but Bertha lay awake a long, long time, thinking of the old days in Germany, and wondering if the Christ-child ever came to little children who had no father or mother.

Suddenly Wolfgang started from his



troubled slumber, crying, "Bertha! The Christ-child! Did you not see him—and the tree, and the mother, and all? *Ach*, he is gone! But you saw him!"

"*Nein*, Wolfgang!" she replied. "He was not here."

"But he spoke to me," cried little Wolfgang, "and pointed to the tree and the lights."

"It was a dream, *Wolferl*. For you were asleep, and there was no one here at all; for I have been awake so long—oh, so long!"

"Could he not come in a dream, Bertha? It was so beautiful. The tree was there. There were gilded nuts on it, and red and yellow tapers, all shining; and apples and big oranges, and a little silver star at the very top! And on the ground at the foot were the figures of Joseph and Mary, and the blessed Babe in the manger, and the three wise kings with gifts."

"Papa and mamma were there by the tree, and the three little ones, and you, Bertha, and me. And we sang the little song about the holy three kings."

"And the Christ-child himself was there. He pointed to the tree, and to the dear father and mother, and said, 'See, Wolfgang! You will not be tired and cold any more, poor children, for I will send for you to come to me.'"

"Was it a dream then, only, Bertha? Then I want to dream again; for it is so cold and dark here. Oh, do you think the *Krist-kind* has forgotten us?" And the little fellow sobbed piteously. Bertha was crying, too.

It was cold, bitter cold; but soon they did not feel it, for a numbness crept over them which was so like comfort that they grew sleepy. Wolfgang had sobbed himself into quietness, and in a little time slept soundly. Bertha drew the little form closer in her arms, and prayed to the good God to remember them, and soon she too slept.

Slept so heavily that she did not hear the door when it opened some hours later, nor the footsteps of the three men who entered. These were the City Missionary and his fellow-labourers, whose task it is to seek and find forsaken children in the slums of the city, and bring them into the shelter

of a Children's Home, where they may find comfort and help, and, if not mother-care, at least its best substitute—kindness and gentle instruction. They had heard of the children from the dying rag-picker, and had lost no time in seeking them.

Pausing beside the wretched pallet, the missionary said to his comrades, "These must be the children;" then, waking Bertha, said to her, gently, "Come with me."

"Is it the Christ-child?" cried Bertha, with half-opened eyes.

"No, little one!" said the kind voice of the missionary, "but it is one whom the Christ has sent to you."

"Come, Wolfgang!" cried the child, shaking the little form beside her. "Come; wake up and come to the Christ-child!"

But the closed eyelids were closed for ever; and the little hand fell limp and lifeless from her grasp. In the darkness and the silence, Wolfgang had gone to the Christ-child.

"He will never be cold or tired any more," said the good missionary to the weeping Bertha, as he carried her swiftly through the dark streets. "He has gone to a place where the children are never hungry or sad."

"He is with the dear mother and the little ones," sobbed Bertha; "that is what the Christ-child said."

The missionary made no answer, for at that moment they passed up a flight of broad stone steps, and as he rang the bell the great door opened and disclosed the light and warmth and comfort of the Home.

And that light and warmth has enfolded Bertha ever since. In the shelter of the Home, she learns daily how to grow into a good and useful woman.

#### CHRISTMAS.

No trumpet blast profaned  
The day on which the Prince of Peace was  
born;

No bloody streamlet stained  
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;  
But o'er the peaceful plain

The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded  
wain.



The soldier had laid by  
His sword, and stripped the corslet from  
his breast,  
And hung his helm on high,  
The sparrow's Winter home and Summer  
nest ;  
And with the same strong hand  
That flung the barbed spear he tilled the  
land.

Oh time for which we yearn !  
Oh Sabbath of the nations, long foretold !  
Season of peace, return !  
Like a late Summer when the year grows  
old ;  
When its sweet sunny days  
Steep mead and mountain-side in golden  
haze.

For now two rival powers  
Flaunt o'er a bleeding land their hostile  
flags,  
And every morning brings  
The hovering vulture from the mountain  
crags  
To where the battle plain  
Is strewn with dead, and naught but hor-  
rors reign.

Christ is not come, while yet  
O'er half the earth the threat of battle  
lowers,  
And the fields are wet,  
Beneath the battle-cloud with crimson  
showers—  
The life-blood of the slain  
Poured out where thousands die that one  
may reign.

Yet soon, o'er half the earth,  
In every temple, crowds shall kneel again  
To celebrate His birth  
Who brought the message of good will to  
men ;  
And bursts of joyous song  
Shall shake the roof above the prostrate  
throng.

Christ is not come while there  
The men of blood, whose crimes affront  
the skies,  
Kneel down in act of prayer,  
Amid the joyous strains, and, when they  
rise,  
Go forth, with sword and flame,  
To waste the land in His most holy Name.

Oh when the days shall break  
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel  
arts,  
And all their millions wake  
To tasks of peaceful hands and loving  
hearts,  
On such a blessed morn  
Well may the nations say that Christ is  
born.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE ATHEIST AND THE FLOWER.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte was Em-  
péror of France, he put a man by the  
name of Charney into prison. He  
thought Charney was an enemy of his  
Government, and for that reason de-  
prived him of his liberty, Charney was  
a learned and profound man ; and as he  
walked to and fro in the small yard into  
which his prison opened, he looked up  
into the heavens, the work of God's  
fingers, and to the moon and stars,  
which He ordained, and yet exclaimed,  
"All things come by chance."

One day, while pacing his yard, he  
saw a tiny plant just breaking the  
ground near the wall. The sight  
of it caused a pleasant diversion of  
his thoughts. No other green thing  
was within his enclosure. He watched  
its growth every day. "How came it  
there?" was his natural inquiry. As  
it grew, other queries were suggested :  
"How came these delicate little veins  
in its leaves? What made its propor-  
tions so perfect in every part, each new  
branch taking its exact place on the  
parent stock, neither too near another,  
nor too much on one side?"

In his loneliness, the plant became  
the prisoner's teacher and his valued  
friend. When the flower began to un-  
fold, he was filled with delight. It was  
white, purple, and rose coloured, with  
a fine silvery fringe. Charney made a  
frame to support it, and did what his  
circumstances allowed to shelter it from  
pelting rain storms and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had  
been written by him on the wall just  
above where the flower grew. Its  
gentle reproof, as it whispered : "There  
is One who made me so wonderfully  
beautiful, and He it is who keeps me  
alive," shamed the proud man's un-  
belief. He brushed the lying words  
from the wall, while his heart felt that  
"He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for  
the erring man through the humble  
flower. There was an Italian prisoner  
in the same yard, whose little daughter  
was permitted to visit him. The little  
girl was much pleased with Charney's  
love for the flower. She related what  
she saw to the wife of the gaoler. The



story of the prisoner and his flower passed from one to another, until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The Empress said, "The man who so devotedly loves and tends a flower, cannot be a bad man;" so she persuaded the Emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home and carefully tended it in his own greenhouse. It had taught him to believe in a God, and had delivered him from prison.

### POWER OF WORSHIP.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

SOME think that the religious sentiment is a mere ecstasy of man's childhood, to be done away with in his mature life, when he is to take things simply as they are in the light of common-sense. He is not to look up with any reverential feeling, but only around with clear glance. He is to be purely scientific and practical—to have no awe, no wonder, to trust in no breath of God. Through his own intellectual greatness, he is to be master of the world, and not to worship anything as higher, better, nobler, or more beautiful than himself.

Against this drift of modern thought, I would protest. Grant that the feeling of worship has been carried too far, that man has bowed down with too much fear and trembling. Yet I would not, as I value all that is deepest and most noble in humanity, quench the fire of worship. I would not have man cease to venerate and adore the immensity of life about him. I would have him bend to the earth in utter worship, because this universe in which we live is so beautiful; because its forces move on so resplendently.

Let man indeed be strong, brave, and reliant; let him control the lightning, and take the deepest treasures of the earth and make them to beam upon his own brow; but let him still remember the wonder of universal life; that there are eternities about him unutterably glorious and far-flaming; and let his soul go out in worship. Ah! there is a Beauty we can never fathom; a

Grace we can never know; a Power that sweeps on in nobleness and triumph, far beyond our utmost vision; a Goodness encircling all with immeasurable grandeur. This universe is indeed a temple, and all its kindling splendour is an altar where the pure heart can pour forth incense, and lift itself in thanksgiving and praise, and realise that there is an inflowing life; that from the dome of night, and flame of morn, and dewy pomp of flowers, and laden breeze, there comes a Spirit infinite and sublime, beautiful and eternal, deeper than our deepest thought, higher than our highest imagination.

Let one in utmost confidence, pure delight, and sweetest faith, reverence and adore. To do so will not make him less, but greater; it will not constrain, but expand. He will be more brave, more potent, more onward-looking, more exultant, more kingly. There must be reverence in the soul of man, or his brightest visions will take their flight. It is reverence, worship, that keeps him alive, hoping, struggling. How narrow, how shallow life would be without this strong humility; this looking up to God; this outreaching towards Him in the depths of the eternities. How could one endure the pain and sorrow of life, its bitter disappointments, the burden, the care, the anxiety, if he could not in the secret joy of his soul worship the infinite and eternal Goodness; if he could not, in trembling adoration, bow down before the Almighty and simply let this greatness and majesty possess him? There is manhood in this; the highest, noblest sovereignty of our being. Not in slavish worship must we bend, not in the iron clogs of a creed; but in the utmost freedom, sincerity, and power of our life; in loving worship, realising that God is about us in all beautiful things; that He is the pure vision of our souls enthroned in every shining particle; immense, eternal, profound, awful; yet tender, guiding, embracing; blazing in endless pomp, yet whispering in the "still small voice." This is the God we worship, and to worship Him is joy and progress. It is common-sense, the most fruitful and sublime.



## A TEACHER'S MUSINGS.

I WORK among my own little set of children. I do my own little doings, sometimes very busy, and sometimes very tired, and feel as if I had done a great deal. Sometimes I feel very successful in giving a good tone to their minds, and leading them to aim at a higher life, and I begin to think I am "somebody," a "power in the world."

Then I go for a walk down some of the thickly-peopled poor streets, not far from home, and I see people by the hundred who never heard of me or my doings, living in their grimy squalor, seemingly unvisited by any thought of a higher life. What an amount of work it would take to raise all these people to refinement and culture and praiseworthy lives!

I see how small I am, how small are my efforts, how imperceptible the results that I have been making myself so happy in. I am one among myriads, and the circle that I am working in is only like a drop in the bucket.

Then I remember how much life there is in one drop of water, if we get it under the microscope, where we can see the wonderful little creatures in it. God our Almighty Father made and cares for each of these little atomies, these merry little grigs and odd little merry-go-rounds that whisk and dart about in their drop, quite unhindered by the long compound Latin and Greek names that we have saddled them with. Each has its work to do, and its own place to fill in its own drop, though we outsiders know nothing whatever about it or its existence.

Then I go back into my own little corner of the world, and I work on again among those I know, and I feel that so long as I do my work well in my own sphere I need not trouble myself about the outsiders. I can stroke the children's peach-like cheeks when they lay their little hands in mine. I can make their little carolling peals of laughter ring out as they sit at their lessons, laughing at nothing but the joy of their own hearts—

Turning to mirth all things on earth,  
As only boyhood can.

I can make their eyes sparkle as they

perceive a new truth; they stand with lips apart as a new light dawns upon them, fearing to breathe lest they dispel it, and it prove to be a dream before they have fairly seized it. Their hearts beat and glow when they perceive the progress they have made; they are impatient to make other steps, and they "go at" their lessons eagerly, tumultuously, pushing onward and upward with overflowing happiness.

One mother thanks earnestly for what has been done; another promises eternal gratitude for what is proposed to be done; another tells that her little five-year-old has turned over a new leaf since beginning her lessons with me—she was naughty, and is now good.

What I do is very small, but if I do it as well as I can, and make it as great as I can, it will be important in my "drop," even if the other drops in the bucket are quite out of reach of my influence. So I try to work on—

Always and only in the light

That comes from God on high,

Who helps to know and do the right,

All who sincerely try.

P.S.—I expect that every hard-working and experienced teacher who reads this will say, "Yes, that is my experience too."

## VALUE OF SMALL THINGS.

"THOUGH little I bring,"

Said the tiny spring

As it burst from the mighty hill,

"'Tis pleasant to know,

Wherever I flow,

The pastures grow greener still."

And the drops of rain,

As they fell on the plain

When parched by the summer heat,

Refresh the sweet flowers

Which dropped in the bowers,

And hung down their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,

Yet, taking them all—

Each one doing all that it can

To fulfil the design

Of its Maker Divine—

What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfil

All His righteous will

Who formed the whole earth by His word?

Creator Divine,

We would ever be thine,

And serve Thee, our God and our Lord



### GLORIFYING GOD BY A CHEERFUL FACE.

THE following is from a paper devoted to the propagation of the doctrine of future endless torment for every soul that goes out of time into eternity with his heart unregenerated. And to all such as have subscribed to the truth of such a creed, and who, therefore, may believe in the never ending despair of his own brother or sister or father or other person, the writer speaks as follows on the necessity of perpetually wearing a "cheerful countenance." Hear him :—

Did you ever think, my Christian friend, of glorifying God by a cheerful face ?

Perhaps you may even be surprised at the question, and reply, as did the Sabbath-school class, "Never thought of such a thing."

You say that the Gospel is "glad tidings;" that Christ has redeemed you; that "all things work together for good to them that love God." You go to meeting, and sing :

Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away ;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.

And yet, after all this, perhaps by a fretful or dissatisfied countenance you practically deny your Christian profession and destroy your influence for good. We have been told that the type of piety in former days was so severe and stern that one needed to feel deeply his lost condition before he would *want* such a religion.

Though we *talk* more now-a-days of the love of God and of the peace and joy found in serving Christ, do we *illustrate* it by cheerful faces and happy lives ?

Rev. Kingman Nott, whose early departure was so deeply lamented, says : "If I did not make it a matter of *principle* to be happy I should not always be so happy as I am." Yes make this being happy a "matter of principle." Don't let the "dumps" or the "blues" get the better of you.

### THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A LITTLE way up one of the Boetian Alps, beneath the shade of an old black pine, grew a Christmas rose.

The summer had passed and the short days had come, when the wind blows and the snow flies, and the Christmas rose had two buds.

"Dear me," fretted the rose, "I wish I could blossom when other plants do. There would be some pleasure in displaying one's self in flower for the dainty, blue gentian, or the pretty eye-bright ; but with no one to admire me, I see no use in blossoming at all."

"Ho ! ho !" laughed the old pine, waving his dark, shaggy arms.

"Ho ! ho ! what a little grumbler. The snow and I will admire you. You were named after the blessed Christ child and ought to be happy and contented. Push up through the deepening snow, little friend, and expand your buds into perfect blossoms, we were all of us made for a holy purpose, and we shall know when it is when the time comes, if—"

Just then the north wind blew so hard, the old pine was put quite out of breath, and for some reason he never resumed the conversation.

"All the world is dead except the pine and I," murmured the Christmas rose, "but perhaps I had better follow his advice. If I was made for a holy purpose the Christ child will not forget me." So she took good care of her round, green buds, and the day before Christmas the black pine saw her blossoms white and perfect peering up through the white snow.

Now Hansl and Wallburga Klotz, the wood-cutter's children, were nearly heartbroken, for their mother was very sick, and that morning Ursula Stallbaum, the kind neighbour who had nursed her through the night, had said, "God pity this house ! I fear your mother will die before night."

Their father sat by the fireplace speechless with grief, and answered them neither with word nor look when they crept up to him for comfort ; so at last they stole out of the door, and, hand in hand, wandered a short way up the mountain-side, following in the



forester's tracks, till they came in sight of the old, black pine.

"If all the mothers in the world were dying that hard, black pine would not care," said Hansl bitterly. "Let us go back into the valley, sister; there we will at least find human hearts, while here there is no one to care whether we die or live."

"There is one who cares for us even here!" cried Wallburga, spying the Christmas roses, and in a moment she had scraped away the snow and secured them. "We have forgotten the Christ child, and that to-morrow is his blessed nativity," she continued. "Let us take these roses to the church, dear Hansl, and pray the All-merciful One for whom they were named, to spare our mother's life."

The children hastened down the mountain to the village church, where they found the priest busy trimming the high altar for the Christmas festival. He took the flowers and put them with some feathery, trailing moss into a tall, white vase that stood before a beautiful picture of the infant Jesus.

"Let us pray to God, my children," said the good priest, "let us pray to God to spare your mother's life, if it be consistent with His will, and let us not forget to thank Him for these silent witnesses that brought the remembrance of His beloved Son to your hearts."

Then he knelt down with the children, and they all prayed and gave thanks.

When Hansl and Wallburga returned home their father met them at the door and cried joyously, "the fever has turned, and your mother is better, praise God."

The Christmas rose had fulfilled its destiny. Ah, me, the black pine was right; "we were all made for a holy purpose, and we shall learn what it is when the time comes." — *Elizabeth Cumings.*

As Mr. Gladstone was descending the steps of the Bank of Ireland, on the occasion of his late visit, an Orange bystander addressed him, and, pointing to the well-known equestrian statue of the great deliverer, William III., on College-green, said, "Mr. Gladstone, there is the man we call the People's William."

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

"The shadows of the evening are stretched out."

THE "Shadows," furnish favourite analogies for the Scripture writers. We find many allusions to them, scattered through the sacred volume, especially in the Old Testament. The "shadow of the Almighty," "under the shadow of His wings," signs of His tender protecting care. Our lives are likened to a shadow on account of their fleeting and their unsubstantial nature, whilst the shadows of the evening are preparatory to the close of day and the darkness which succeeds. Sensible emblems of the night of the tomb where the light is as "the thickest gloom" still, where arose the cheering expectation that the shadow of death would be turned into morning, though Jesus had not then brought life and immortality to light. The prophet Jeremiah, speaking of the shadows of the evening being stretched out, refers to the uneasy condition of his people, under the dread of their enemies, who would come by night to spoil them, because of their sins—a warning to other nations, even our own, for their transgressions. But forbearing this application of his words, let us see whether in the last month of the year to which we are now come, we cannot turn to some profitable use the pathetic exclamation of this man of God. It is eminently suggestive of the falling time; when the months have nearly completed their round, as of the close of a single day; if, perhaps, yet more. So of the decline of our lives, shadows there are, continually accompanying us, and in our brightest hours telling us mercifully, that here we must not look for sunshine all around, nor for unalloyed happiness, and thus tending to reconcile us to our final departure. The skeleton is in every house, but we need not be terrified thereby, because the word of our God endureth for ever.

The shadows lengthen as the day draws to its close, they deepen more and more till lost in the night, that solemn period which marks, though but for a brief season, the loss of the sun with its cheering beams; and yet the night with civilised nations, causes but little



if any interruption to their business or their pleasures. A pious writer thanks God that "he has taught men to relieve and enliven the hours after the sun is set, by inventions to supply light, that all the time of night may not be spent in dreary darkness and unprofitable inactivity; but that some hours might be given to useful labour and cheerful intercourse;" and this is, indeed, a subject for grateful praise. The poet sings, how beautiful "is night," and so it is when the moon walks in brightness, attended by the stars; and night is necessary for the repose of the whole creation, for plants, for animals, for man himself. The labourer, spent with toil, longs for the shades of evening, that he may rest for some hours, and he finds his sleep sweet unto him. It reinvigorates his frame, it refreshes his spirits, and he rises to his toil on the ensuing morning, with, as it were, a new life given to him, that he might pursue his way rejoicing.

There are the shadows of the year, they mark its decline, and they tell us, in a voice which will be heard, that all which is bright must fade. The sun journeys constantly from tropic to tropic; what we call his solstice, whether summer or winter, is no proof of his ever standing still. He will soon leave the equator and make speed towards Capricorn. The days sensibly shorten, the nights become long, dark, cold. A day and a year have much in common; the beginning, the middle, the end. Spring, the morning, has long past. Summer, the meridian, has followed it; so has autumn, the afternoon; and now winter advances its shadows, to end with the gloomy night of December's close. Still we find a beautiful vicissitude conducted by the hand of perfect wisdom. To us winter has its charms, as well as the laughing, joyous spring. We crown it king of intimate delight. It is the time for fireside enjoyments, the simplest and the purest of all, the time for innocent amusements, the time for the cultivation of the domestic virtues, the time for making acquisitions of knowledge, and for laying up mental stores for coming years. The shadows may tell us of the sleep of nature and of the cessation of many out-door

employments, but they should remind us of the duty to make home more pleasing, and thus bind parents and children closer together in the bonds of mutual harmony and love. He crowneth the year with his goodness. His paths drop fatness all around.

And our lives, in the natural course of events, show the lengthening shadows at their close. Sometimes they are thrown before us, and at other they follow us. We notice them in the former case, and they remind us that there is a grave to which we are fast hastening. They may be behind us, and then we think not of them, but still go on our way. Still they belong to us, they never will quit our persons. It is a gracious providence which manages all. The good hand of our God is still upon us, leading us, upholding us, and keeping us in the right path, that on which we may walk securely. We pray to be taught to number our days, and there is great wisdom in numbering them, so as to cause serious reflection and corresponding improvement. But this attention to the days, the hours as they pass by, will not be an irksome task if pursued with a due sense of its importance—nay, will become one of the most pleasing kind, if we are in earnest in seeking the welfare of our fellow men in conjunction with our own; and then the short-lived years as they hurry us onward will yet be fully our own, because improved and sanctified to the noblest ends. Nor will the lengthening of the shadows cause us any pain. We have seen the world, and we have used it; we have partaken of the rich and varied feast which a kind and bountiful Providence has provided for our comfort. We have been guided by the rod of omnipotence, and supported by the staff of unceasing love. We have had the Saviour's example to animate in the discharge of every duty, and his voice has perpetually rung in our ears. "Be faithful unto death and I will give you the crown of life." Then the shadows may fall, they may go before us whithersoever our footsteps tend, they may darken till swallowed up by the thickest gloom of night, ending in the sepulchre to which all are hastening; but we will not forget that the sepulchre



is in a garden. The tomb may be hewn out of a rock, but around it are the flowers of an eternal clime. Jesus rose from the tomb, though the shades of death had just before encompassed him. He rose, not for himself alone, but for all who love his appearance and his coming, and all will, eventually, come to him, that there be but one fold and one shepherd. Come, Lord Jesus—yea, come quickly! but in the meantime we would say, with the men of old, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

## SOUL-SAVING: OTHER DUTIES.

H. T. GRISWOLD.

I AM sick of the preacher's only strain—  
 "Save your soul," "save your soul,"  
 "save your soul,"  
 I am tired of hearing forever and aye,  
 The same old song from the pulpit roll.

It seems to me like a selfish cry—  
 This telling a man that the only thing  
 Of any importance here below  
 Is saving *himself* from a future sting.

Far nobler, far better, it seems to me,  
 To tell a man to save some other;  
 To send him up and down through the  
 world,  
 Seeking and saving his fallen brother;

To put him off from the beaten track,  
 Out into the hedges of sin and shame,  
 To teach and to tell to the captives there,  
 The bounty and glory of virtue's name.

To rescue the starving from pain and death,  
 To rescue the sinning one from crime,  
 To preach the Gospel of Present Help  
 To the weary ones on the shores of time.

To seek out those whom the world forgets,  
 To plant a flower on a nameless grave,  
 To hide the erring one in the heart,  
 And strengthen it with a purpose brave.

To do to the little ones of God,  
 The things which the world does to the  
 great,

To walk the world with a purpose grand,  
 And with eye on the final good, to wait.

If a man does this, I dare affirm  
 That he can afford to forego all care  
 About going to Heaven, and give his whole  
 time

To the work of getting his neighbour  
 there.

## CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

THE great festival of the year in Norway, as among all Germanic nations, is Christmas. Whether it owes all its sanctity to its association with the birth of the Saviour is, however, an open question; for many customs still kept alive in the remoter valleys seem to point beyond the beginning of the Christian era, to the time when the Norsemen ate horse-flesh in honour of Odin and Thor and Frey. The festival, as the retaining of the old name indicates, is as yet strongly tinged with reminiscences of the old pagan Yule. Tracing the character of Christ and his apostles as they appear in many popular *marchen* and legends, the conclusion lies near that the people have, consciously or not, transferred much that was dear to them in the old gods to the new deity, and thus, by a sort of compromise between the old faith and the new, have produced a divine type which is, at all events, sufficiently national to appeal strongly to their Norse hearts. This nationalising of one's divinity is, of course, not peculiar to Norway; it would have been more singular if Norway had shown no trace of it.

The preparations for the Yule-tide, in the way of provisioning the house, would, to our eyes, look perfectly enormous. Baking and brewing and butchering keep the whole household busy during the last three weeks preceding the festival. And the fact that the process is repeated year after year probably proves that it is necessary. Every man, woman, or child who comes within a stone's throw of the house during the holidays (which last until a week after New Year) must be invited in and urged to eat and drink, without regard for comfort. Even the birds are to have their share of the Christmas joy. As soon as the church bells have "rung in the feast" at five o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the father of the house takes his richest sheaf of oats or barley and attaches it to the end of a pole, which is nailed to the gable of the barns or the store-houses. The mother and the children stand by enjoying the sight of the happy birds fluttering around the sheaf, while the father will perhaps



quote the passage about God's care even for the sparrow, wherefore it is right that the sparrow, too, should rejoice on the day when Christ was born.

Among the many evening visitors which are sure to drop in to taste the Christmas brew, some are apt to be disguised by grotesque masks, and otherwise fantastically accoutred. These are called Yule-bucks, possibly because the most common mask may have been that of a goat or some other horned creature. At present, I do not know that any special kind of disguise is preferred. The rule seems to be, the more grotesque the better.

The German custom of having poor children wander about on Christmas Eve, carrying a large lighted star of canvas, representing the star of Bethlehem, prevails also in Norway. No one can hear their shrill, tiny voices in the snow under his window, singing the dear familiar carols, and refuse them their well-earned penny.

#### THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS.

LET us rejoice ! for soon will dawn  
Another happy Christmas morn,  
A welcome day to rich and poor,  
Revered and sanctified of yore ;  
In memory of him whose birth  
Became a blessing to the earth.

The day that gathers all who roam  
Once more within the shelt'ring home ;  
When friends long parted meet again,  
Forget the sorrow and the pain—  
And the estranged are reconciled,  
The mourning from their woe beguiled.

When, even in the busy street,  
The passers by who chance to meet,  
Look cheerily with friendly eyes  
Despite the cold and wintry skies ;  
And, if a little child they see,  
Smile kindly on his laughing glee.

Ah ! yes, it should be thus we keep  
The memory of him whose deep,  
True sympathy was not confined  
To some, but giv'n to all mankind.  
Whose tender, pitying love was shown  
To all, not to the good alone.

Again, upon this Christmas morn,  
Within our souls let Christ be born,  
His living spirit in us rise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice.  
So may it herald now as then  
"Peace, peace on earth, goodwill to men !"  
M. R.

#### HOW TO BE A LADY.

"MISS WINCHESTER, what is the secret of being a lady ? Is it not to be true and fearless like a man, or be just, or polite and charitable, and always giving up one's self for others ?"

Miss Winchester was darning a tablecloth. She always did the nice parts of housekeeping, to steady her nerves, she said, and she took time to answer.

"The truest ladies I ever knew had two things so blended that one never knew which to be surest of, their sincerity or their kindness. I never knew a lady, whether she was a girl or a woman, who had not the faculty a wise writer calls 'a genius for loving.' It was born in them, and grew with them. It is not that kind 'I don't know what to do with myself' feeling, that makes girls throw their arms around the nearest friend and smother her with kisses, that is feigning petty jealousies of others, and saying, 'I wish you could love me,' when one isn't in a mood for sweet stuff. The most loving-hearted girls don't show their feelings by any means. They do not love to kiss, or parade affection, but they are kind, oh ! so kind, to their last breath and drop of strength, to those who need and deserve their care. Kind with the kindness that makes one wise for others' happiness, so that mother looks into the mending basket to find that troublesome shirt-sleeve made whole, and the apron finished for Bobby, and father has the room quiet for a long evening when he wants to read the debates, or make calculations, and Jennie finds her rain-spoiled dress sponged and ironed fresh in the wardrobe, and Mrs. Brown over the way sees the children taken out of the house when she has a racking headache, and the teacher knows who will run up the flounces and sew on buttons for the new suit she is hurrying to make out of school hours. There is nothing too homely or distasteful for this sort of girl to do, and she might take for her signature what I saw once in a kind letter of Elizabeth Stoddard, the novelist, 'Yours to serve.' The kisses and the love-making may be shy enough with her, but the kindness is for everybody, and it runs very deep. Nothing draws on her help and sympathy



so much as to need it most, to be without interest or attraction in any way.

"The best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others in the world. The greatest praise written of Madame Recamier, the most beautiful woman and complete lady of her own or any other known time was this :"—and Miss Winchester's face softened, and her voice fell to a moving key as she repeated softly the words I afterwards saw copied in an old black manuscript book of hers and knew that she had loved them. "Disgrace and misfortune had for Madame Recamier the same sort of attraction that favour and success usually have for vulgar souls?" There was the nature of a great lady."

### THE BUSINESS MAN'S BIBLE.

WILL you note a few samples of religious precepts teaching the Bible standard of honesty :—

Lev. xix. 11.—Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another. 35.—Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in mete-yard, in weight, or in measure.

Deut. xxv. 13.—Thou shalt not have divers weights and divers measures, a great and a small. For all that do such things, and all that do unrighteously, are an abomination unto the Lord thy God.

Lev. xxv. 14.—If thou sell aught unto thy neighbour, or buyest aught of thy neighbour's hand, thou shalt not oppress one another.

Prov. iii. 27.—Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. 28.—Say not to thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee.

Be not slothful in business. Owe no man anything. Let no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of another. Bear ye one another's burdens. Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them. Do good unto all men.

### THE DYING YEAR.

SLOWLY, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
Never shall this year return,  
Hence a lesson we may learn ;  
Time was given us to spend  
For some good and righteous end.

Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
All its joy and all its grief,  
Keen while lasting, yet how brief !  
Heroes from the scene have fled,  
And are mingled with the dead.

Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
Since this year began its course,  
Some are better, others worse ;  
Some have reached the height of fame,  
Others sunk in guilt and shame.

Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
At its birth what hopes arose,  
Hopes to triumph over foes ;  
Hopes of riches, hopes of power,  
Hopes to mount fame's lofty tower !

Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
See these hopes to sorrow turned,  
See the light of joy that burned  
Dim and dying, fade away,  
As decays the light of day.

Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
Has this year no good thing brought ?  
Has it not some blessings wrought ?  
Has it healed no aching heart ?  
Welcomed friends no more to part ?

Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !  
Many an aching heart is healed,  
Many a broken friendship sealed,  
Sweetly bloomed has many a flower,  
Since this year's first infant hour.

Pass away, ye fleeting hours !  
Now no longer are ye ours :  
Rising dimly and unknown,  
Is the year so soon to come.  
Slowly, slowly toll the bell,  
Bid the dying year farewell !

ELIZA HADDOCK, *Horncastle.*

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN says that "a Bible and newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal supports of virtue, morality and civil liberty." Every family does well to take this hint and have a good newspaper as well as the Bible. The CHRISTIAN LIFE, a Unitarian newspaper, can be had every week, from any news agent, for 2d.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**WHO MOST TO BE PITIED?**—The young man who courts a sparkling fashionable belle, and loses her, or the young man who courts her and wins her.

**VERY LITERAL.**—A young mother in this city, explaining christening to her five-year-old boy, told him that when he was christened he "would be one of God's little lambs." "And will I have hind legs and baa?" eagerly asked the boy.

**A SIMPLE CURE.**—"It is curious, doctor, that every time I smoke after dinner I have something dazzling in my eyes. What can you do for that?" "Eh!" said the doctor, with a smile, "don't smoke." The patient was nonplussed. He hadn't thought of that.

**A CROAKER CURED.**—He had been telling her about his troubles, and how everything seemed against him—rheumatism, the wicked world, &c.—when she broke out:—"You must be very fond of dieting upon frogs, Mr. Paine. 'Frogs!' inquired he. 'Why frogs?' 'Oh! because,' replied the heartless miss, 'you are such a croaker!'"

**NEVER SATISFIED.**—Some people are never satisfied with things as they are. Give them one, and they ask for two; give them two, and they wonder why you didn't give them three. They are like the boy who thought he could improve the Lord's Prayer by making it read:—"Give us this day our daily bread—and butter, with a little cake, and some apples for dessert."

**CONSECRATED GROUND.**—A man was one day wheeling a barrow across a churchyard not twenty miles from Manchester, when he was threatened by the clergyman with a condign punishment for his daring outrage in polluting the consecrated ground by his wheelbarrow. The man, scratching his head, said, "I did not know but the wheelbarrow was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton."

**UNDIGESTED KNOWLEDGE.**—The Bishop of Hereford was examining a school class the other day, and amongst other things asked what an average was. Several boys pleaded ignorance, but one at last replied, "It is what a hen lays on." This answer puzzled the bishop not a little; but the boy persisted in it, stating that he had read it in his little book of facts. He was then told to bring the little book, and on doing so he pointed triumphantly to a paragraph commencing, "the domestic hen lays on an average fifty eggs each year." Who will say after this that reading does not make a full man?

**SCOTCH WIT.**—The old Scottish hearers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching old sermons. A group of parishioners was observed to be somewhat merry on their way home. The minister asked the cause of this. "Indeed, sir," replied the beadle, "they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I tould them it was no an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it not six months syne."

**AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.**—Dr. Louis, of New Orleans, who is something of a wag, called on a coloured minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the apostles did? They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it you are not protected now in the same way?" The coloured preacher responded promptly: "Don't know about that, Doctor, I 'spect I is. I've taken a mighty sight of strong medicine from you, Doctor, and I is alive yet."

**BURDENED WITH HUSBANDS.**—While Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, was besieging Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, in the castle of Weinsberg, his commander received a message one morning from Guelph's wife, promising that the fort should instantly capitulate provided she and the other women in the place were allowed to come out with as much as each of them could carry, and go whither they pleased. Her request was granted; and great was the astonishment of the emperor when he saw the astute ladies marching forth, not loaded with jewels and knickknacks, as he had expected, but each with her husband on her back. An accommodation with Guelph and his adherents was the result, and there were no more sieges in Bavaria during the reign of Conrad III.

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